

THE

Proctor's Banquet:

PINDARICK

ODE.

By MARTIN GULLIVER.

*Chamber-
lain.*



DUBLIN:

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A
II

Pindarick ODE

T WAS at the Proctor's Feast from Folly
won
By FLECKNO'S stammering Son,

Aloft in awful State,
The peerless Censor sat,

Enthron'd in solemn Majesty of Fat,
His bounteous Knights, in pomp profound,

Were deck'd with Quadrace Caps instead of round,
(So shou'd Desert in Arts be crown'd.)

The amphibious FANNY by his side
Sat like a gay Pungallian Bride,

In flower of Youth and Beauty's Pride!

Happy,

Happy, happy, happy pair,
 None but the Fat,
 None but the Fat,
 None but the Fat deserves the Fair.

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy Pair,
 None but the Fat,
 None but the Fat,
 None but the Fat deserves the Fair.

II.

VENUSO sat on high,
 Amid the piping Quire;
 And, while he play'd for servile hire,
 The thurling Sounds torment the Sky
 And earthly Joys inspire
 The Song from JONATHAN began,
 Ever peevish, ever wan,
 Who ALMA'S Benefits resigns,
 And in resigning, much repines;
 Such, VENUS, is thy mighty Power,
 The fable Robes, the Doctor's pride,
 The Misers griping Soul bely'd
 When on he rode to BOLTON'S Bower;
 When round her slender Waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an Image of himself, the Cynick of the



[5]
The listning croud admire the snarling sound
A present *Basslik* they shout around,
A present *Basslik* the vaulted Roofs rebound.

With ravish'd Ears

The *Censur* hears,

Affects to clap,

But takes a Nap,

And tumbles o're the Chairs.

CHORUS.

With ravish'd Ears, &c.

III.

The praise of L——y next the Pur-blind *Piper* sung,
Of L——y ever gay, and ever young;

The jolly Fellow, reeling comes;
Ring your Glasses, crack your Thumbs;

Flush'd with a purple Grace,

He shews his honest Face,

Now give the Bag-pipe breath, he comes, he comes,

L——y ever gay, and young;

Drinking Joys is still repeating;

Bacchus blessings are a Treasure,

Drinking is the Fellows pleasure,

Rich the Treasure,

Sweet the Pleasure,

Sweet is drinking after eating.

CHORUS
Bacchus Blessings are a Treasure, &c.

IV.

Rous'd with the Noise the *Censor* awoke,
 And o'er again his *Blunders* spoke,
 And thrice repeated all his *Puns*, and thrice his *Jests* he
 broke.

The *Piper* saw his *Folly* rise,
 His spreading grin, and *Swimming* Eyes;
 And while he *Wit* and *Sense* defy'd,
 Chang'd his *Note*, and check'd his *Pride*.

He chose the strains of *Namby's Muse*,
 Soft *Slumbers* to inspire;

He sung how *Coffee*, great and good,
 By too severe a *Fate*,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his low *Estate*,

Lay *floundring* in the *Mud*.
 Deserted at his utmost *Need*

By those who did, and did not read;
 In a cold *Jail* confin'd he lies,
 With not a *Friend* to heed his *Cries*,
 With downcast *Eyes*, the joyless *Censor* sat,
 Revolving in his clouded *Soul*

The various turns of *Bards* below,
 And now and then a *belch* he stole,
 And *Sweat* began to flow.

[7]
CHORUS.

Revolving in his clouded Soul, &c.

V

The artful *Piper* sail'd to see,
That Love was in the next degree,
Twas but a kindred Tone to move,
For Pity melts the Soul to love.

Softly sweet in *PAMBIAN* measures

Soon he lull'd his Soul to Pleasures;

Learning was but Toil and Trouble,

Wit he sung an empty hubble;

Never let a jolly Fellow

Pose his Pace with sober thinking,

If the Wine is good and mellow,

Think! O think it worth the drinking!

Lovely *FANNY* sits beside thee,

Take the good the Gods provide thee,

The *Knights* in wonder roar their loud applause,

So Love was Crown'd, but Piping won the Cause,

HUGO, unable to conceal his pain,

Gap'd on the Fair,

Who caus'd his Care,

And belch'd, and gap'd, and belch'd, and gap'd,

Belch'd and gap'd, and belch'd again:

At length with Love and Wine at once oppress'd,

The drowzy *Censor* snor'd upon her Breast.

CHORUS.

HUGO unable to conceal his Pain, &c.

VI. Now

Now blow the lowd tongu'd Drone again,
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain;
Break his Bonds of Sleep afunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of Thunder.

Hark! Hark! the grumbling sound
Has rais'd up his Head,
As awak'd from the Dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, the *Piper* cries,
See! *ARBURLE* arise
See! the Crutch that he rears,
How revengeful he stares,
And the Fury that glows in his Eyes!
Behold! *JONATHAN* stand
With all the ghastly Band
Of Heroes, who in the *CENSOR* were slain,
And unquied remain
In *GOLLIVER*'s strain.
Give the vengeance due,
To the wretched Crew.

(high!
See! the Candles they seize, how they wave them on
How they point to the *PRINTER*'s abodes;
And airy Garrets fraught with *MARTIN*'S *ODES*!
The *Knights* all applaud with a turbulent Rage,
And *HUGH* snatch'd a Candle with Zeal to engage
FANNY led the way,
To light him to his Prey,

like another *Sibyll* fir'd a sacred Page.

F. I. N. I. S.



